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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

FRIENDS ARE ALL AROUND US.

Friends are all around us;
Even the little child
Loves the stranger whom he met
Who looked on him and smiled.
Friends are all around us,
If as friends we greet
Those whom in our journeying
On life's worn way we meet.

Friends are all around us;
By a kindly word,
By a look of sympathy,
The heart's depths are stirred.
Do not all our foot-steps
To the same home tend?
Why should not each one of us
Be to each a friend?

Does the pure dew, glistening
On the fair wild rose,
Shed the dark unlovely weed
That beaute it grows?
Does the sunbeam, shining
On the stately dome,
Lose its lustre when it rests
On the peasant's home?

If one heart grows lighter
By our words made glad—
If one weary spirit,
Drooping, faint, and sad,
Half forgets its anguish
For a little while—
Is it vain for us to speak?
Vain for us to smile?

One word, kindly spoken,
Simple though it be,
Is often sweetest music
In the hour of agony;
One look, kindly given,
When the lips move not,
May be treasured in the heart,
Ne'er to be forgot.

There's an "open sesame"
To each human heart,
At whose magic sound, at once
Feebly thrown apart
Are the close-barred portals
Of its deepest cell,
Bidding us in friendship's name
Enter in and dwell.

Friends are all around us;
There's a gentle tone
Where'er we wander,
Answering to our own.
Do not all our foot-steps
To the same home tend?
Why should not each one of us
Be to each a friend?

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC AND THE PRESS.

BY THOMAS HODG.

There was Squire Foxall, a martyr to that melancholy humor called Hypochondriasis, and who was cured by the Press. Many a serious scene there was between the master and his man Roger, a confidential servant of the old school, shrewd, trusty, and blunt as a spade.

"Well, Roger, the old man would say, after a very long and solemn shake of the head, 'I am going at last.'"

"Glad on it—to Swaffham, of course."

"No, Roger, no—to another world."

"What, to America?"

"No, to another and a better one, Roger—to the land of spirits."

"Ah, that's along o' missing your brandy—you be low, you be."

"Not so low as I shall be, Roger. I am at death's door; I have double knocked, and am scraping my shoes, and it will soon be walk in. Now, Roger, remember when I'm gone, that Mr. Brewley—"

"Yes, yes, I know. He has got the last of your last wills. Your new will come into the land, and your niece is to have your personal bulk."

"No, Roger, that was the will before. I've made another since; but no matter. I've done with money and land. All I require now is a little turf."

"Well, there's a whole stack on it 't' the risk-yard, and when you've burnt o' that—"

"Never, Roger, never! I'm burnt out myself; quite down in the socket, and shall go off like a snuff. I am ready, Roger, for the garnet."

"Yes, yes, and the corn for the sickle, and grass for the scythe, and a ripe plum for the basket, and a brown loaf for hoping the twig—I know all that by heart."

"I'm a dying man, Roger, and you know it. I haven't twelve hours to live; no, not six, before I pay the debt of nature."

"Dang the debt o' nature! I wish you had none to settle but hern. But it ain't due yet, it ain't."

"Due and over due, Roger. The receipt's made out, and before to-morrow morning you will have another master."

"No I shan't; I haven't had no warnin'."

"But I have, Roger. Here, feel my pulse. It stopped just now for two minutes and a half. The circulation is at a stand still, the heart cannot perform its functions."

"All moonshine, master. It's performing its funk at this 'minut. It's going as regular as an eight day clock; I can almost hear a tick."

"No, Roger, that's impossible."

"Is it? Then why do Dr. Darby try to hear it with his telescope?"

"Stethoscope, Roger. Ste-thos-cope. There may be hypertrophy for that. But you know I can't argue with you. My lungs are quite gone, quite!"

"No wonder, you've been blowing 'em up this ten years."

"They're destroyed. Pulmonary consumption has set in—"

"Yes, yes, I know they are full of Tubercles."

"Tubercles, man, and my liver is in no better state."

"No, they're schismatic. And you've got an abscess in your inside—"

"An abscess."

"Well, an abscess in your stomach, and can't digest properly for want of grass and water."

"A deficiency of the gastric juice. It is all too true, Roger. Every organ I have is out of order."

"Then I wouldn't play on 'em. Well, what next? Why you've got a gatherin' in your lumberin' progresses."

"Lumber process—"

"Which in course affects the head, and so you've got a confusion of water on the brain."

"Then you've had an electric fit, and three parallel strokes; and there's your certain ague, and the intermediate fever—"

"Intermittin'."

"Then there's the inflammation of your mucous members—"

"Membrane, membrane."

"Well, membrane. Next, there's your vertical headache—"

"Vertigo."

"And the Lord knows what in your intestines and vesicles. Then there's your legs with their various veins—"

"Varicose."

"And as to your feet, with hopping gout in them—and flying gout in your stomach—swimming gout in your head—you're gut all over."

"Yes, Roger, yes; it has got hold of my whole system, sure enough. But its appoplexy I'm afraid of, Roger. I have tinnitis, giddiness, congestion, lethargy, every symptom in the book."

"Dang the books, it's then done it! There's Doctor Murray's Family Physician, you've given yourself over ever since you brought it home."

"And then there's Doctor Winslow's book, and Doctor Franklin's 'as made you believe, between 'em that you'd got a turned head and pendulum belly—"

"Pendulous, Roger, pendulous."

"Well, it's all one. And then their plaguy formuluses for making up your own prescriptions. You'll prescribe yourself into heaven, you will, you will, some day, with your blue pills and hydragree powders—"

"Hydragree powders."

"It can't be good for nobody to swallow so much calumny. And then you dabbles with them deadly poisons, though you know as well as I do, that three Prussian Acidulated drops would kill a horse."

"You mean Prussian acid. But in some affections, Roger, it is of great service."

"Yes, like Oxonian acid, for hoist tops—"

"Then there's the newspapers. I do believe there ain't a quack medicine advertiser, but you've tried 'em all, from Cocker's Antibiting pills, and the Febrilages, to Sarey Barilla—"

"Lord! Lord! the heaps of nasty messes you have swallowed surely? Not to forget the Horse Elixton that the human two-legged species could ketch the glanders."

"And was the poor man cured of his Hypochondriasis?"

"Yes, by the County Chronicle, into which some wag introduced an announcement of his sudden demise, 'after a complication of disorders, borne for a long series of years with unexampled cheerfulness and resignation.' The effect on the patient was miraculous! Instead of damping the spirits or shocking his nerves, it set up his lumbagoed back, roused his sluggish spleen, stimulated his torpid liver, stirred his lethargic lights, warmed his congested blood to a Cour de lion. He declared loudly that it was intended as a hint for his assassination, and vowed that he would horse-whip the editor of the diabolical newspaper in his own infernal office."

"And he was as good as his word—for which practical sincerity he had to pay one hundred pounds for damages, and as much more in costs."

"The cure, however, was complete. His old affections vanished as if by magic; and now his only complaints in the world are of the impudence of the counsel, the partiality of judges, the stupidity of juries, the uncertainty of the law, the murderous propensity of the Whigs, the rascality of venal editors, and the intolerable licentiousness of the press."

"Anecdote.—A foolish person went to the parson of the parish, and making up a very long face, told him he had seen a ghost as he was passing by a grave-yard, moving along against the side of the wall."

"In what shape did it appear?"

"In the shape of an ass."

"Go home and hold your tongue about it, said the parson; 'you are a very timid man, and have been frightened at your own shadow.'"

MAJ. JONES' FIRST AND LAST DRINK OF "SODY WATER."

RELATED BY HIMSELF.

After giving up as far as Yontav street, and taking a look at the Yontav Hotel, what's 'bout down on tother side of the street, looking along at one thing and another, till I got most down to Charles street. By this time I began to be nervous dry, and as I'd hegdrell a good deal about the sody water what they have in the big cities, I thought I'd try a little at the first place where they sold it. Well, the first doctor's shop I come to had a sody water sign up, and in I went to get sum."

"Ses I, 'I want a drink of your sody water, sir.'"

"What kind of syrup will you have?" ses he, putting his hand on a bottle of molasses.

"I don't want no syrup," ses I, 'I want sody water.'"

"Ah! ses he, 'you want extra sody.'"

And with that he took a glass and put some white stuff in it, and then held it under the spout till it was full, and handed it to me. I put it to my bed and pulled away at it, but never got such a everlasting dose before in all my life. I got three or four swollers down before I began to taste the dratted stuff, and you may depend it liked to killed me right dead in my tracks. I tuck the breath clean out of me, and when I cum to myself, my tongue felt like it was full of needles, and my stomach like I'd swallowed a pint of frozen soap-suds, and the tears was runnin' out of my eyes in a stream. I dropped the glass and sperited the rest out of my mouth quicker'n lightning, but before I could git breath to speak to the chap what was standing behind the counter, starin' at me with all his might, he ax'd me if I wasn't well.

"Well, thunder and lightnin'!" ses I, 'do you want to pizen me to death, and then ax me if I'm well?'"

"Pizen!" ses he.

"Yes," ses I, 'pizen, I axed you for sum sody water, and you gin me a dose bad enough to kill a hoss!'"

"I gin you nothin' but plain sody," ses he.

"Well," ses I, 'if that's what you call sody water, I'll be dashed if I'll try any more of it.'"

"Why, it's worse nor Ingin turnip juice, stewed down six gallons into a pint, cooled off in a snow-bank and mixed with a laryzeane."

"Jest then the bilin' hot steam cum up into my throat, that like to blow'd my nose out by the route."

"Ses he, 'Maybe you aint use to drinkin' it without syrup.'"

"No," ses I, 'and what's more, I never will be.'"

"It's much better with sassybarilla or gooseberry syrup, ses he. 'Will you try sum with syrup?'"

"No, I thank you," ses I, and I paid him a thrip for the dose I had, and put out.

A Foser. One day last week a man living at Carlton, was indignantly complaining that his knife had been stolen till at last one of his neighbors, whose garden had been robbed a short time previous, said to him, "Hold your tongue, old boy, I found your knife amongst my cabbages; how came it there?" The fellow was struck dumb.

An Indian chief being asked his opinion of a jug of rum, said he thought it must be the juice of women's tongues, and lion's hearts for after drinking it he could talk forever, and fight the devil.

A western paper, in an obituary notice, says that the deceased 'had also been for several years a director in a bank—notwithstanding which, he died a Christian, universally respected.' Truly, a strange circumstance.

A countryman having been requested to help a member of Congress out of a ditch, replied that he didn't wish to have anything to do with State affairs.

Minds capable of the greatest things can enjoy the most trivial, as the elephants trunk can knock down a lion or pick up a pin.

The editor of an exchange says he never saw but one ghost, and that was the ghost of a sinner who died without paying for his paper. "I was terrible terrible to look upon, the ghost in Hallelu was not a circumstance."

The Beard.—It is said that the beard, when left to itself, grows into a shape inducing a supposition that nature intended it as a peculiar protection for the health, parting in the middle and just covering the lungs.

Every hour is worth at least a good thought, a good wish, a good endeavor.

Political.

Rum! Rum! Extract of a letter in the Washington Union, dated New York, Aug. 7.

"A whig merchant said to me, to-day, 'their party leaders might cry 'repal' till their throats cracked, the people would not respond.' He further said, with what truth I know not, that Mr. Webster's plan of 25 per cent. reduction would have satisfied the manufacturers, and it could have been carried, but it was thought contrary whig politicians could make nothing out of it."

that hence it was not urged, preferring the bill as it is, (which, according to their own showing is to ruin every manufacturer) than to adopt any amendments, which, while it would not materially injure the manufacturer, would not create the least capital for the whigs. I (said he) no longer believe in their professions, and am determined not to adopt their senseless cries of repeal and ruin."

"This gentleman is one of our most worthy whig merchants; he had shown himself a sensible man, in this respect, and has, as I know, vast many imitators here. There have more contracts been made for building ships within a week than during the three months past. Several new cotton factories, in the eastern States, have just been started, without either adopting the cry of ruin or repeal. The whigs must try again."

From the Argus.

LET US BE TRUE TO OURSELVES—

NO. 2.

"Our commerce with Mexico has been almost annihilated. It was formerly highly beneficial to both nations; but our merchants have been deterred from prosecuting it by the system of outrage and extortion which the Mexicans authorities have pursued against them, while their appeals through their own Government for indemnity have been made in vain. Our forbearance has gone to such an extreme as to be mistaken for its character. Had we acted with vigor in repelling the insults and redressing the injuries inflicted by Mexico at the commencement, we should doubtless have escaped all the difficulties in which we are now involved."

In addition to the cases of 'outrage' and 'extortion' already enumerated, practised by the Mexican Government towards the United States, we cannot forbear to mention three or four others that occur to us, as having happened in 1836, and which aroused the indignation of the brave 'Old Hickory,' at the time of their commission.

1. In February, 1836, Wm. Hallatt and Zalman Hull, citizens of the United States, were arrested in the streets of Matamoros, by a party of Mexican soldiers, and dragged to the barracks in the city, and their confined for a long time on suspicion of their intention of going to Texas!

2. Sentinels were placed at the residence of Mr. Butler, the American consul at Matamoros, under false pretences, who entered his house with him absent actually stole his horses and mules from the stable to compensate them for their disappointment!

3. Wm. A. Slacum, Esq., a bearer of dispatches from the Government at Washington, was, soon after this, hastening to the Mexican capital to confer with Mr. Ellis, our Charge d' Affaires at Mexico, when he was seized and shamefully maltreated; and an attempt was also made to get away his official letters, bearing the endorsement of the State department for his own Government! This scandalous outrage against our country was committed within the walls of the city of Mexico, and near the Government palace!

Then again in March and April, two schooners the 'Compeer' and 'Eclipse' the brig 'Jane,' and several other American vessels were forcibly detained at Tobasco and Matamoros, on the most idle pretences, to the great damage and loss of the owners; and for these and similar aggressions no compensation whatever has been made!

In the quarrel then existing between Texas and Mexico, our Government stood neutral, however, strong our sympathies might be for the former; and yet our merchants were great sufferers by the embargo laid at Vera Cruz, Tampico, and other Mexican ports, which obstructed our navigation, and exposed our commerce in the most flagrant manner; and this embargo, operating as it was suffered to do on American vessels generally, was a direct infraction of treaty stipulations, and of itself a cause of war. And have not some of these fifty or sixty outrages of Mexico been atoned for, the reader inquires. We answer, not one of them, in any way whatever! Even the two oldest ones on the long list of our grievances are not yet settled in full. We refer to the 'Louisiana' and 'Cossack,' two American vessels seized by order of Don Augustin Iturbide, in 1821, which were both, together with their rich cargoes of arms, cordage and provisions, captured at the port of Acapulco, and appropriated to the use of the Mexican Government. Acknowledging the debt to amount to \$48,000, it is true, that Mexican cabinet passed a decree to pay that sum, about a year afterwards; but although repeatedly urged to do so, all our government could get was \$14,000, leaving \$34,000; and twenty-four years interest still due! And this is the usage of Mexico towards us, a friendly power! But we bore it all with masterly patience, on account of the poverty and distracted state of the Republic; we overlooked her faults—we pined her want of magnanimity—and we forbore for the last eight years to declare war, although justified in doing so, by a recommendation of a committee of Congress! Ruled, however, by some evil genius, and supported by certain sympathizing federal papers in this country, nay, encouraged by the speeches of Whig Senators in Congress, Mexico, in lieu of meeting our claims at length threatens the United States with a war of invasion! Up to this time, as Byron has it,

"We bore it all—it hurt us, but we bore it—Till this last running over of the cup Of bitterness—until this last insult!"

When we sought to repeal invasion—to beat back the foe—to assert our rights—and this called, forsooth, an 'unjustifiable war!' Shams on the coward who says it—cannot be a war, and much less a patriot. Such sympathies we should ever be heard against! Such fellows are a curse to the country—a curse to their race! +++ liberty."

DEMOCRATS, STAND BY YOUR PRINCIPLES—AND BE YE NOT UNEQUALLY YOKED WITH FEDERALISM; FOR WHAT AGREEMENT HATH FEDERALISM WITH DEMOCRACY?

The time for action, has arrived, and soon you will be called upon to deposit your votes for those whose political sentiments accord with your own. The field should be cleared, and every Democrat ready for action. Our candidates having been selected by ourselves through delegates whom we have authorized to act for us, it now remains our duty to elect them if possible.

The signs of the times indicate a union of the Whigs and Abolitionists, or at least the Whigs are courting their aid, and it remains to be seen whether they can effect a union for the purpose of opposing the Democracy.

In many strong Democratic towns the Whigs often decide the question for the Democrats, as to who shall be their Representatives; here the Democrats should be united and stand together, and do their business for themselves, and in order to save the Whigs the trouble of doing the business for the Democrats, they should unite upon or select their candidates previous to the election, so that the whole party can elect them at once, and thus save much ill feeling and contention in the Democratic ranks on the day of election.

The party should not permit their differences to enter their ranks at the polls, and thus give the Whigs an opportunity to fan the flame when all should be harmony on such an occasion. That man's Democracy is of a doubtful kind, who refuses to submit his claims to his party for decision, but on the contrary is willing to court the opponents of Democracy for their support.

Democrats should be slow to trust the interests of their party to such persons, who, in a majority of cases will betray them, should circumstances and interests favor it.

There remains only a short time for the organization of the party, and what remains to be done must be done quickly, in order to bring out a full vote in the fall. The Whigs are organizing their forces, and making great efforts to get out their full strength on the 14th, and we must meet them with corresponding efforts.

We must meet them at the ballot box; this is the place that finally decides the question between Federalism and Democracy—between equal rights to all, or special privileges to the few.

The Federal or Whig party have ever been the advocates of a national Bank, and came very near establishing one in 1841. This is one of their leading measures, and should they ever gain the ascendancy in this country, it would be one of their first acts to establish one. The effect of a National Bank has ever been to cause fictitious prices for every thing produced or manufactured, which in a great measure defeats the object of a protective tariff, and the foreign manufacturer can compete with the home manufacturer; when money is cheap, so to speak, the foreigner will take our specie instead of our merchandise, which fictitious prices, which, after paying heavy duties, leave fair profits on his sales.

The Independent Treasury Bill, with the Democratic tariff, which the Whigs have denounced, prematurely, as we think, will do more to place the manufacturing interest of the country on a permanent and healthy footing than any tariff that has been in existence, with a National Bank in operation to contend with. The manufacturers of this country would be better off with a currency based upon gold and silver without a tariff, than a fictitious currency, with a tariff. While the manufacturers have their business placed upon a firm basis by the Democracy, other important interests are cared for.

There are some interests that have been more highly favored by Government than other more important ones; but the Democratic tariff aims to treat all interests alike, and on this account, those so highly favored by the Whig tariff complain.

The agriculturists of this country are more numerous by far than any other class of citizens, and their interests should receive attention and justice from our Government; and until this is done, there can be no tariff framed that is permanent. We think the late Democratic tariff does this.

The Whigs, instead of giving the tariff a fair trial, denounce it in advance, and they labor hard to produce the results which they so confidently predict, and to appearance so much desire.

Their object is to create a panic, on paper at least to last until the fall elections are over.

We hear that the Manufacturers are dismissing some of their operatives, and reducing the wages of others since the passage of the Democratic Tariff. This is no new thing with them. In 1842 they reduced the wages, notwithstanding they had a tariff that highly favored them; and there is hardly a contested election that comes off, but there are more or less Democratic workmen dismissed, because they refused to obey the orders of their employers, and vote the whig ticket. These lords of the loom are very fond of finding some pretext, real or imaginary, for cutting down the wages of their operatives.

Democrats, stand together—and let no whig panic which is manufactured to order, sweep you from your principles, or deter you from performing your duty. If Democratic principles are worth possessing, and worthy of being carried out in practice, then they are worthy of our most energetic efforts to effect it.

The foes of Democracy are making great efforts to overthrow the party this fall, and every individual member should have his arm on ready for the conflict, always bearing in mind the maxim that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

G. M. F.

PROHIBITION, &c., AN OBSOLETE IDEA.

Our readers, some of them at least, have met with an article which some time since appeared in the papers of the day, describing the terror and apprehension of impending evil produced in a youthful mind, when the evening mail brought to a quiet country village the news of the death of the Governor of the State—he the child went to bed, doubting if ever the sun would rise again and how this state of fear and awe was suddenly relieved on being awaked the next morning by the usual noise of the "old family coffee mill." He reasoned well—if the Governor's death could not stop a coffee mill, it was no end of the world matters, after all. When the news arrived of the final overthrow of a partial and oppressive system of restriction and monopoly, the shrieks and groans of a few pampered and overgrown monopolists, mingled with the hypocritical outcry of thousands of aspiring and reckless demagogues, who vainly hoped to retrieve their prostrated political expectations by creating a panic excitement,—one would have thought the first flash of the final conflagration had burst upon their eyes; and yet we do not think the whole combined has stopped a single "old family coffee mill."

Although the aristocratic tariff of 1842 is repealed, and the American people have deliberately repudiated the principle of protection to favored interests, with its host of monopolies and exclusive privileges; though American legislation has ceased to burden the poor man for the purpose of swelling even to bursting the already strained coffers of the capitalists, whose eyes stand out with fatness—we believe the sun will shine as fair and beautiful, the fertilizing rain descend as richly and as gently—not a spear of grass nor a blade of wheat will be checked in its luxuriant growth; nor one smile the less of a kind and liberal Providence brighten the hills of New England, or the valleys of the West. If our shrieking brethren would only open their eyes and look around on the profusion of blessings which surround us, they would see, and perhaps feel, that there is not much reason, to say nothing of gratitude, in such continued outcries of ruin and distress. Perhaps if the crops should fall throughout our country, and we should be encompassed with famine and starvation; or if the pestilence that walketh in darkness should strike down the good, the brave and the beautiful, or the furious passions of war should be unchained, we should all see, ay, and feel, too, what ruin and distress are.

But, after all, it is not so wonderful that in the mind of many, the ideas of prohibition and restriction should have come to be regarded as essential to national prosperity. We can look back and see the follies and vices of those who have gone before us, while we ourselves are hugging closely the most ridiculous absurdities in fashion, politics or morals. We overlook the absurdities of the present. When Caligula's horse was made a consul, it passed of as a matter of course, and excited very little surprise. And so in regard to this principle of prohibition and restriction for the good of favored interests. Absurd as it may be in the abstract, custom, to a certain extent, has rendered it familiar. We have become inured to absurdities from its supporters, and, like the Hindus who have laid for years on the points of sharp spikes, we have also become callous, and almost ceased to be sensible to its infliction. But the entire doctrine, we venture to say, is a doctrine of the past, and as such is utterly inapplicable to our present circumstances and condition. Indeed, no reasonings based on the effects of principles or measures at any period of the past, can be safely relied on as to their effects at the present day. New elements are introduced into society, the effects of which are not yet developed. Machinery is brought to such a degree of perfection, as with a given amount of human labor immensely to increase the amount of production. The facility and rapidity of communication between different points of our own country, and between this and foreign countries, and between different countries, most of necessity produce a vast change in the measures and policy of the nations of the world.

No nation can set up for itself, and claim to exclude others from a participation in its own productions, or to exclude the products of other nations from its markets. Such a policy must, if it could be sustained, be suicidal to its own interest. We do not fear to risk the talent, the energy the industry, the acuteness of Americans, against those of any country in the world, and still less should we fear it, if unshackled by aristocratic restrictions and purse-proud monopolies. If our operatives can have cheap food and cheap clothing, and all the necessities and comforts of life at low rates, let them have this, even though the millionaire should peradventure receive ten per cent dividend on his factory stock instead of thirty. "Cease, then," says Carlyle, says on a different matter, "our beloved shrieking brother blockheads"—"close those wide mouths, cease shrieking, and begin considering."

ASPECTS OF FEDERALISM.

There was a time when federalism was as honest in its professions as it has since become insincere and hypocritical, it therefore commanded the respect of men while it was not received into the American heart. It seemed to conceal its designs and to disown its name. It was for dividing the people into two classes, nobles and simpletons, giving the former great privileges withheld from the latter. It was for giving the "high class" the benefits and "protection," of legislation and government favor, and leaving the "low class" to shrink for themselves—or in other words, it was for taking care of the rich and leaving the rich to take care of the poor. To found government upon property, it held to be the highest political wisdom; it was for a life senate; a strong central government overshadowing the States; it was for aristocracy and privilege against democracy and an equality of rights.

There was no concealment about this, no disguising of things by a misapplication of words, no evasions and subterfuges to conceal the truth, so that the American people, while receiving democracy and rejecting federalism as its antagonist

ism had not the additional cause to dislike the latter for insincerity and falsehood.

Federalism was seen and known by all men—there was the name, the principle, the purpose—all understood. Its adherents refused to aid in setting up a democratic government after the Revolution because from instinct, principle and education in favor of Aristocracy; opposed to a national independence and system of government making each man independent, and allowing equal rights and privileges, they opposed the American Union through a public meeting, the ever memorable Hartford Convention. Thus we find federalism at open war with democracy, avowing its purposes while aiming at its objects, true to itself, and acknowledged its baptismal name.

But federalism has become so false and hypocritical in its long warfare with democracy that it now even disowns its own name. While its elementary principles and original character remain the same, it has sought to lose its identity by changing its outward garb and adopting a new name. Federalism metamorphosed into whiggism as suddenly as the Legislature made John Smith into George Albright. With equal facility have many things been changed. Treason is called devotion to the cause of liberty—sympathy with our national enemies, is designated christian piety—hostility to the American Union, is enlarged philanthropy—opposition to the war, the proof of patriotism.

But notwithstanding these changes in names and the misapplication of terms, things remain unaltered. Federalism is what it was, only more odious for its hypocrisy. It is totally useless to call legislation for a class "protecting industry"—there is no democracy and no sense to it. The protection the federalists prate of is privilege to the few, taxation to the many. It will avail nothing to persist in asserting that the country is ruined by loco foco legislation, for there never has been a time of more general prosperity. It will do no good to attempt to destroy democracy by joining our national enemies. It is idle to call a traitor a patriot.

In 1812-14 federalism was found wanting in patriotism and proved traitorous; at the first opportunity that has since been presented we find its adherents and exemplar again uttering strong expressions of sympathy for our national enemies, anathematizing our own government, and plotting against the Union of the States. They are as much traitors and disunionists as the Hartford Conventionists. They attempt to conceal this treason under the flimsy pretence of resisting southern influence and the extension of slavery. The traitors of the last war also had the excuse—treason is never without them. But it is something more, it is the old federal spirit of hostility to the Union and to democratic government. It is not opposition to the "slaveocracy" at the bottom, it is something different and more alarming. Fresh from the support of a slaveholder, who believes in their sincerity or will receive their excuses? Why, President Van Buren was denounced a "northern man with southern principles," a northern man would not do for President, if a democrat, but a southern federalist would be entirely satisfactory—aye, Henry Clay, if he had a million slaves instead of hundreds would be joyfully supported for President, yet again by these disunionists—federal crusaders against the "slaveocracy," if they believed that he could be elected.

O, the hypocrisy and the effrontery of federalism. How little there is in it to be desired or respected. It would be madness in a democratic people to submit themselves to its rule. It can only rise as the country sinks. Let the democratic people of Maine keep it under, by discharging their duty at the approaching election, and continuing the State government in the hands of men whose minds and hearts are under democratic influences, who are friends of the Union, and who will carry out the principles of democracy in our State Administration. [Bangor Democrat.]

Some silly writer in the columns of the Boston Journal has stepped forward to defend John Davis upon the old charge, recently repeated, it seems, in the Portland Argus, of having given three cheers in the streets of Worcester on hearing that the British had entered the Potomac, in 1813. This writer rests his defence mainly on the fact that Mr Davis had no regard for his personal security than to have ventured thus to give vent to his feelings. Another branch of his defence is that there is nobody who can swear to the truth of the fact. He concludes thus:—"We believe, then, according to law, J. S. C. Knowlton stands farther of the charge. In the language, then, of our other distinguished Senator, in taking his leave of C. J. Ingersoll, we 'leave him in the very worst of company, with himself.'"

Our Brother of the Palladium will take good care of himself. He is able to do that in any company and in good shape. The comparison above is not in keeping; the cases are in no way analogous; the facts are altogether dissimilar. Few who know both Mr Knowlton and Mr Davis, whether looking to truth, sense, wit or social companionship, would hesitate whose company to choose. The former is not only one of the ablest writers but in every respect one of the cleverest men that Massachusetts can boast. As for Mr Davis, whatever may have been the opinion before, since his late conduct in the Senate few will doubt that he really committed the outrage in the streets of Worcester with which he has been charged. The writer referred to does not deny that such were his feelings, but only that he would not have dared to give vent to them. But a man who would brave decency in the one case with such perfect composure would scarcely fear to leave public sentiment in the other. [Concord Freeman.]

General Gaines Acquitted. The Norfolk Beacon of Thursday says—"It is understood that the finding of the late Court of Inquiry at Fortress Monroe, was favorable to General G. It is rumored, however, that the proceedings are to be quashed, owing to some flaw discovered at headquarters, and that the Secty of War contemplates ordering a new Court of Inquiry. What it is that vitiates the record, we have not been able to ascertain.

Singular Accident. When the cars arrived at Morristown the other day, a boy's finger, with part of the tendons attached to it, was discovered fastened in a ring at the end of the train. On their return, at Orange, the boy who lost it was found. It seemed that he took hold of the car, when in motion, when his finger was caught in the ring and jerked off.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 1, 1846.



ELECTION—MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14.

Democratic Republican Nominations.

FOR GOVERNOR,
JOHN W. DANA,
OF FRYEBURG.

FOR REPRESENTATIVES TO CONGRESS.

First District,
DAVID HAMMONS, of Lovell.

Fourth District,
JOHN D. McCRATE, of Wiscasset.

FOR SENATORS.—OXFORD COUNTY,

JOHN J. PERRY, of Oxford.

WILLIAM THOMPSON, of Hartford.

C. R. AYER, of Cornish.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—OXFORD,

JOHN REED, of Roxbury.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.—OXFORD,

NATHAN M. MARBLE, of Paris.

FOR REGISTER OF DEEDS.—OXFORD.

Eastern District,
STEPHEN D. HUTCHINSON,

of Buckfield.

Western District,
JAMES O. McMILLAN, of Fryeburg.

WHIG CONVENTION.

On Tuesday last the Whigs of this County met in conclave, we may say solemn conclave, (for they looked both solemn and affected) at the Court House in this place to set up certain marks to be fired at and knocked down by the Democracy on the 14th. It is presumed they went through this ceremony for form sake, or from habit, or because "other folks do so," but that as it may, it has been done, and yet while doing, it really seemed the very men engaged in this thankless task felt that their day and generation had passed, that their political notions and nostrums were not again to be swallowed by the people—that the foundation of their political creed had been built upon the sands, and that the test of time had proved it unsafe and dangerous, and that the waves of experience—the application of enlightened reason, had left but a wreck, a sort of ghost to remind them of their former greatness, and of departed power.

But they made their nominations, and then came their Resolutions, which were adopted nem con. In their character they were strangely incongruous, partaking largely, it is true, of that same Anti-American feeling that so indelibly marked a portion of these same men in the war of 1812, when they were rejoicing at British victories over American arms; but they were spiced, heavily spiced with Abolitionism, showing plainly the fruits of Giddings' mission to the north, and to make this nauseous dose go down with the "liberty men" of this County, a large portion of whom were originally Democrats, they put upon their list of nominations for Senators an Abolitionist. Mr. Hersey, they say, is an Abolitionist. This shroud of the apais they throw out to the liberty party as a bait to draw them into this federal net. Will it take? It would seem not. Who is this Mr. Hersey, politically? He may occasionally have voted the "liberty" ticket, but if so it was when he had no hope that the, to him, dearer principles of Federalism would prevail. Where was he in 1840? For Tip and Ty. Where in 1844, but a Clayite. What has he always been at heart? It is sufficient to say he is of Federal origin, was reared and educated a Federalist, and has always acted with that party when there has been a dawning hope of success. Yet, forsooth, the appeal is to the liberty men, vote with us for we appreciate your worth and love your principles. We are strong—you are weak—come in and make us stronger that we may prevail. See what we are willing to do; why, we have put one of your men in nomination ourselves, and very soon we will make you all "rulers in the land," you shall stand first in the ranks of a great and powerful party. You are opposed to the Mexican war, for it grew out of the annexation of Texas, which increased the area of slavery. We are opposed to it, if not for the same reason, for the reason that we are always opposed to our country let her be at war with whom she may, whether justly or unjustly. See the similitude. Are we not of one faith? Should we not be of one brotherhood? Come in and help us; you will be a help in time of need—help, help us, or we sink.

How far these reasons will go to convince the liberty men that they should turn Federalists we know not, but really it struck us that that portion of the liberty party which is made up of conscientious men who left the Democracy through feelings of philanthropy for the slave, would hardly be willing to swallow this gilded bait of Federalism for fear of the naked hook, and that it would tend to convince them that if that portion of their friends of original Federal faith went back to their first love, that they too, having the right of choice, would return to them. We have too good an opinion of that portion of the liberty men, above spoken of, to come to a different conclusion. Time will show whether we are right or wrong. Of the number attending this Convention it is needless to speak.

The quiet of our little village was not disturbed by the crowd, nor is it a matter of great trouble for our hotels to accommodate twenty or thirty men with a meal or two each.

But the speeches. There were several made, though we believe by two speakers only, and the manner in which they managed this important part of the ceremonies was rather unique and diverting, and would lead one to believe that each speaker had an eye to the future, when one might meet the other in direct Congressional canvass, hence each seemed ambitious to convince their numerous friends present that he was the better man, the truer Whig, the warmer partisan. The ex-County Attorney declared that "the Resolutions embraced the true Whig doctrine, such as he had always believed in and practiced, and which he, before his death, expected to see carried into full operation even in the County of Oxford." (We all know the ex-County Attorney to be a sanguine man.) This was a poser to the other gentleman, for consistency forbids him to declare that his Federal principles were but saplings (though of a rank unwholesome growth) compared with those of his wily friend—we mean the youthful champion might have said that his Federalism bore date from many a year before the world knew ought of it. Although "each speaker was eloquent by turns" yet all seemed "like sweets wasted upon the desert air," for not one cheer, not one approbative stamp broke in upon either speaker from any part of the crowded house to aid their patriotic effusions thus spontaneously poured out for the public good. The important business of the Convention having been brought to a close at a seasonable hour the assembly retired with no unnecessary confusion from the house, and thence, we doubt not, to their anxious constituents.

Masks Off!

There has been a severe struggle carried on in the ranks of our political opponents for precedence between the old Federalists of the 1812 school, and the young Whigs of the R. P. Perkins and Col. Dumont dynasty. For several years past the young men, in consequence of their superior activity and "fark putting" qualifications, have had things in their party managed much in their own way. The old Federalists of anti-war memory have been compelled to stand back and look on while the Perkinses, the Cowans, the Dumonts and Kinsmans of the party have been playing "their fantastic tricks before high heaven," in such a manner as to make their more grave and dignified seniors blush for their folly and imprudence. The bad success which has attended the efforts of these political fledglings, seems to have induced another revolution in the party, in favor of the Old Federal Dynasty. Hence in the selection of candidates which have been thus far presented for public office, men who were deemed pillars in the old Federal party are brought forward for nearly all the prominent places. Thus, for the office of Governor, they have presented the name of Hon. David Bronson, of Augusta, a man who sucked in Federalism with his mother's milk, and his entire system has been so perfectly saturated with Federal principles that they ooze out of him on every occasion. No man in the State possesses more of the gall and bitterness of ancient Federalism than does Mr. Bronson. All his political harangues and speeches are over-charged with apocryphal hatred for republicanism, and abound in most uncharitable and abusive denunciations of Democratic men and measures. In his nomination the old school Federalists triumphed over the young men of the party, who run Mr. Allen, of Bangor, who is a man of more moderate political temperament. In their candidates for Congress the same interests have prevailed.

Nor can it be said that these old Federalists are brought forward by accident. If we only look at their conventions, it will be seen that the proportion of the old pillars of the party—or in other words Old Federalists has been so large as to exert a controlling influence on the nominations thus far made. The result is evidently the effect of a resolute determination on the part of the old Federal portion of the opposition, to throw off the mask of modern Whiggism and to stand forth the open champions of ancient Federalism. This resolution, whether expedient or not for them in a party point of view, certainly evinces courage. Let them now discard the assumed name of Whig, which has always sat awkwardly upon them, and boldly enter the field under their ancient and proper name, FEDERALISTS, and they will receive the respect of the people for their honesty, though they may fail to command the votes of the electors.

FRIEND MILLET.—Resolving, as you do, among a population eminently and honorably Democratic, having nothing worthy to be dignified with the name of opposition to contend against, I have thought it not altogether without interest to your readers to inform them that the Whigs are in fact preparing earnestly, though slyly, to gain the ascendancy at the approaching election. They have not the courage to go into the contest openly and above board, as they have had too much experience in this honorable mode of warfare to lead them to hope for success. If they succeed at all, it will be because the Democracy of the State are relying with too much confidence in their own strength, and upon the goodness of their cause. In strongly Democratic districts, this is our great source of danger. And it is rendered doubly so from the fact, that the secret efforts of the Whigs are not there discovered, inasmuch as the sphere of their operations is reduced to a small compass. But among a large Whig population it is different. However astute the wire pullers may be to keep their movements from the public eye, and however anxious they may be to catch us by surprise, "murder will out." It is a fact, which should address itself with force to every Democrat, that the opposition are now endeavoring to play their game of secrecy with unusual dexterity. They intend to defeat us again by a surprise, if possible. It is said, and I doubt not truly, that in every County where the strength is nearly equally balanced, their organization has never been more perfect, and their hopes never more flattering than at the present time. This fact presents no cause of alarm, if our friends will only take cognizance of, and profit by it. So far from cause for discouragement, it presents a new and important motive for in-

creased vigilance and activity in the Democratic ranks. I have no doubt the Democracy of Oxford are faithfully alive to the importance of the election so near at hand, but they should be aware also that a most important part in this contest devolves upon them. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed."

As you perceive by the papers, the Democracy of Cumberland have nominated for their Congressional candidate, Hon. A. W. H. Clapp, of Portland. Gov. Dunlap, the present worthy member, was not a candidate for another election. The competitors for nomination were Messrs. Clapp and Littlefield, the latter of Bridgton, and well known to the Democracy of Oxford, as an able and efficient laborer in their cause. The canvass was somewhat animated, as will always be the case when our friends are in the majority. But Mr. Clapp's friends were in the ascendancy in the Convention, and he was accordingly declared the regularly nominated candidate. Had the nomination been conferred upon Mr. Littlefield, who received a highly respectable vote, no one would have more cheerfully acquiesced in that result than his successful competitor. And it is not doubted that the former will manifest equally a regard for the voice of the majority as expressed in the convention. Mr. Clapp has not heretofore been a candidate for an elective office, except on one occasion, against his own wishes, for the office of Mayor of the city of Portland, but he has been well known as an intelligent merchant, an honorable man, and has always been a consistent, zealous and efficient Democrat. Of his election there can be little doubt, although the Whigs will labor night and day to defeat him. Mr. Little, his competitor, is understood to be very desirous of an election, and his friends will leave no stone unturned to insure his success. Money, it is said, will accomplish all it can for him, but his principles are so odious, and have been so often repudiated by the people of his district, that if there is "fair play" he will be again consigned to the grave of Federal Whiggery. A diligent attempt has been made to enlist the Abolitionists in his behalf, but thus far, it is understood, that the "liberty men" are determined to "go on their own hook." They have had heretofore sufficient experience in the real friendship of the Whigs, and will not probably be "gulled" again by "promises to the ear, which are broken to the hope."

Will not the Democratic abolitionists of your county throw their votes for Mr. Dana? They cannot do better for themselves than to do so. They can hardly expect to elect Gen. Fessenden this year, and by casting their ballots for Mr. Dana their interests would be far better promoted than to permit their influence to operate against him. For, however they may regard the past acts of the Democracy, they can but see that their principles are eminently calculated to bring about the era of universal emancipation.

Yours, CUMBERLAND.

The Safe Rule.

The only safe rule of action for a political party is strictly to adhere to regular nominations. The man who bolts from a nomination because the nominee is personally objectionable to him, sets an example which if followed, will inevitably destroy all party organization. By thus bolting, the election of a personal enemy may be defeated, but in the defeat of that personal enemy the party may also be defeated, and some great and important measure for the benefit of the country thereby lost. Besides, the man who defects an election by bolting to-day may be himself defeated by the bolting of some other man to-morrow. He who would claim for himself or his friend the benefit of party organization, must see to it that he himself does not destroy that organization. The safety and prosperity of the country depend on the success of the Democratic party. The safety of that party consists in maintaining its organization. That organization can only be preserved by a close adherence to regular nominations.

Democrats are you ready?

It is now but a few days before election. The adversaries of our principles are in the field. Political canvassers from other States are traversing our State for the purpose of creating discord in the Democratic party, and thereby procuring a defeat. The political abolitionists are largely on the track of dissension and attempting to induce you to rally under it by appealing to recurrent prejudices and prejudices. The Whigs wish to keep up a separate organization, echo the same cry, and apparently occupy the same position of principles. They have studiously avoided denouncing the r own principles, on the scores of which they have been accused and yet claim the safety of the country dependent, and are now retreating second handed, the old hackneyed phrases of the political abolitionists, whom they have heretofore affected to despise. That in these new times when they are disowned, there can be no doubt. One day they are back men—the next external improvement men—the next Political Abolitionists—then Naturalists—and then Abolitionists, and the next an agent you will find them with all their strength supporting the most abominable slaveholders for the highest offices in the nation. Yesterday they were all bent upon having a party, and every man's son of them was crying woe at the top of his voice. To day they are all in for a northern party as the only thing that can save the country. What position they will occupy to-morrow no man can tell. The tricks to which they resort to deceive are innumerable. To meet them, let them come in what shape they may, is the duty of the Democracy.

Remember that Maine, are you now ready to meet them? Are your towns organized? Are your voters at home? Have all of you made arrangements to be at the polls on election day? If these things have not been done there is now no time to lose.—Safety can be only had in being ever ready for action.

There is reason to believe that an attempt will be made to induce the Whigs and Abolitionists to coalesce in the election of members of the legislature, for the purpose of getting possession of the State government. It is for this purpose that their Giddingses and Hales are traversing the State. Let our Democratic friends to the various representative districts look to this and see that we have no Democrats by reason of dissensions among ourselves.

Now is the time for organization.—Age.

Van Amburgh's Exhibition.—The exhibition of Van Amburgh's Grand Curator of Wild Animals, Roman Christy, &c., took place in this village on the 26th ult. The entrance of the Curator in procession, and display made previous to the opening of the exhibition, was what has been ranked up to be, but the exhibition itself would surely require a week of any thing like the kind ever before shown in this vicinity, so far as variety is concerned. The music was first rate. It was estimated that 2000 people visited the exhibition.

Lovell Convention.—The proceedings of this Convention have not yet been received.

DAVID HAMMONS—the Democratic nominee for Congress from the first District. The following honorable notice of this gentleman is from the Saco Democrat. With such a character, he must be triumphantly elected. The 'huge paws' of Oxford and York will glory in voting for such a man. He is of the right kind.

Mr. Hammons is about 39 years of age—was born in Cornish, in York county, of respectable parentage. In early life he was distinguished for intelligence, gentleness, kindness, and manly independence. In 1826, being then a minor he left his paternal roof, came to this place, obtained a situation as out-door hand, at sixty cents per day, in the employ of the then Saco Manufacturing Co. Here he faithfully did his whole duty. During the summer and part of the fall of 1827, he worked on the farm of Capt. Benj. Patterson, in Saco, \$10 per month. While residing at the last named place, an intelligent democrat, and who had often advised with him, and who well knew his worth, recommended him to obtain an education. Young Hammons' reply was a noble one, a reply which shew his character to be of no common mould. "I wish I could (said he) but I am too poor. I am desirous to obtain a good academic education, but in my present situation I cannot do it—because my parents are poor, and ever since I have been here I have every month sent them a fourth part of all my earnings, and if I should leave off work they might starve." That such was his habit, we have abundant evidence in our possession. In the fall of 1827 he left this place, determined to obtain an education—and relying on his own manly courage, native enthusiasm, and rugged constitution, alone unaided, he struggled through the initiatory steps to fit him for the active duties of life.

He afterwards studied Law, we believe with Mr. McIntire of Parisfield, Mr. Jameson of Cornish, and finished his legal course with the now Judge Goodenow, who was then a distinguished counsellor and advocate of Alfred. Shortly after his admission to the Bar, he removed to Lovell, where he now resides. In 1840 he was one of the State Senators from Oxford county, and discharged the duties incident to his new situation with great credit to himself and usefulness to his constituency. As a lawyer he has attained an elevated rank among his brethren. Honest, capable, industrious, persevering, there can be no doubt he is destined yet to receive a large share of public favor. He has ever been an unflinching democrat, and as in his youth, while boldly contending with poverty he imbued sound political truths there is no reason for believing that those truths will be by him forgotten, or that he will cease to be operated on by them. It is to us a source of the purest gratification that the democracy of this district have made so judicious a selection. We do admire to see that man honored who respects himself—and it is a pleasing thought that high political distinction is open equally to the poor and friendless boy with the mere man of wealth. It was his merit—his political worth and moral integrity, that secured Hammons his nomination.

HE CAN'T BE ELECTED.

Let no Democrat utter such language as this in reference to any candidate fairly nominated. It is quite enough to hear such a remark from bitter federalists, whose principles are, eternal hostility to the men and measures of the Democratic party. Every doubt expressed by Democrats, pending an election, of the success of their own candidates, is so much capital given to the Whigs. Let us then beware how we distrust the standard bearers of the Democracy. We have put them forth to vindicate our principles—to uphold democratic usages, and carry out our political views. Let us be true to them under all circumstances, if we would make them true to us. Those who say our candidates can't be elected, admit that our principles, as a party, are not worth contending for. What have we to do with men? What matters it whether A, B, or C, is the chosen candidate, so long as each of them are pledged alike to the hearty support of the same identical doctrines? We go for measures, and not for men. Individual identity is lost in the all-engrossing principles for the ascendancy of which we are struggling. Men cannot always command the universal support of their fellows—nor even of their party; but as a general thing we should resolutely discard private feelings and vote for such men as are fairly nominated by the people's conventions.

From Vera Cruz. The Boston Advertiser gives the following extract from a letter received from Vera Cruz, dated August 1st.

Two commissioners, one in the name of the people, and the other in that of the garrison of our place, embark on board of the packet and will invite Gen. Santa Anna to come once more among his fellow citizens, and save them in the supreme hour of danger. Little apprehension is entertained that he will decline the offer. His return to power will, we hope, put an end to the pending difficulties.

"Parades is to leave positively this time tomorrow for the frontiers, but should the news of the movement here find him in Mexico, he will beyond a doubt, defer his departure for a while, and spare no efforts to keep in power; his day is over to all intents and purposes." The Ministry, according to letters of the 30th ult. per express, has undergone a thorough and complete change. Immediately after being sworn in as President, ad interim, Gen. Bravo sent the members of the then existing cabinet, about their business, and framed his council without loss of time. His Ministers will all be for peace, with the United States. "The two principal posts are to be filled by A. Garay, in the Finance, and Cuevas in the Foreign relations. It is anticipated that the blockade will be raised for the mere fact of the city having pronounced for Santa Anna, but I do not believe it for a moment.

"Taylor's vanguard is at Monterey. I hear from good authority that some 15,000 men will encamp before San Luis Potosi, in all this month."

A man at St. Louis was recently so badly bitten by mosquitoes that the physician mistook his ailment for the small pox.

GENERAL RUIN.—The appearance of that distinguished personage, General Ruin, is confidently announced by the prophets of war, and will visit this country and Great Britain simultaneously. In the latter, according to the landlords, he will establish his head quarters among the tenant farmers and farm laborers, whom he will press, by thousands, into his ranks. In this country, he will rather prefer the laborers in our manufactories, and shunning the fields, will stop in the work shops. Desolation, in both countries, it is said, will be sure to accompany his footsteps, and this old gentleman is clapping his hands at the harvest promised him, while his friends say that this time he shall not be disappointed. The immediate occasion of his approach, is in Great Britain, the repeal of the corn laws, and in this country, the repeal of the 1842 tariff law. "If general ruin," says the London Herald, "spreads over all our agricultural population, who is to keep the manufacturers employed?" If general ruin—the chime in on this side the water—spreads over all our manufacturers, who is to keep the agriculturists employed? If the skies fall who will catch the larks?—Boston Post.

Some Philadelphia batters sent to Mr. Clay a hat and hat box, with a catch about the "protection of American manufactures;" but all the answer they could elicit from the complete letter writer was this: "I sincerely hope that your business may continue to flourish in spite of all unfavorable events, and that you may live long to enjoy, in health and happiness, plentiful fruits of your industry and skill."

Mr. Clay is as merry as a cricket, and will have his joke. "The fine hat fits my head as exactly as it had been used, instead of the customary bow, in making the hat; and it will ever be my pride to have it covered by hats of American manufacture."

The last "it" refers to head, and not to block.

A relative of Gen. Taylor denies the statement which has been going the rounds that he is a Whig. He says: "Gen. Taylor in former years was a democrat of the first water, and so were all his stock in the ancient party struggles. In 1844 I am not aware that he voted at all. I have no idea, had he been at home, that he would have voted for the whig candidate."—Ill. Free Trader.

PRESIDENT POLK'S TESTIMONY.—The Washington Union, speaking of the industry of the President, says he is not a man of robust constitution, and his good health and great ability to endure confinement and intense labor are to be attributed to his regular and temperate manner of life, and to the fact that the Sabbath with him is a day of rest. On that day his doors are all closed, and he refuses to see any company, however distinguished may be the visitor. He always attends church. He has often been heard to remark, since he has been President, that all the institutions of Providence were wise, but none of them more so than the institution of a Sabbath; and that, on every Monday morning he entered upon the duties of the week refreshed and invigorated from the rest of the preceding day.

The following sentiment from an eminent divine of a past generation would be called "rank locofocoism" at the present day: "It is a mistake to suppose that the rich man maintains his servants, tenants and laborers; the truth is they maintain him. It is their industry which supplies his table, furnishes his wardrobe, builds his houses, adorns his equipage, provides his amusements. It is not his estate, but the labor employed upon it, that pays his rent. All that he does, is to distribute what others produce, which is the least part of the business."—Pater's Philosophy on Charity.

Hon. J. P. Hale, the New Hampshire senator, delivered a discourse in the First Parish Church in Bangor, of which a writer in the Democrat took notes: "His speech lasted full three hours, during which time he continued, like Davy Crockett's woodcock, to go alternately into, and come out at, the same hole. At the close, the speaker addressed himself to the elderly gentlemen present, and gave a learned dissertation on gray hairs, and the phosphorescent lights in gray yards. He also advised the mothers in the gallery to bring up their children decently, and then, turning to the mothers, entreated them by no means to waste their warm affections on the enemy."

An officer of the U. S. ship Columbus says the cigar factory at Manila, in point of size and numbers employed therein, would embrace all the power of Lowell. Ten thousand girls are employed, all Indians of the country, or Malays as they are called, with skins two shades darker than the North American Indians.

Don't sleep in tight apartments!—It is said that a bird suspended near the top of a curtained bedstead in the morning, from impure air. Small close rooms in the habitations of the fashionable at public watering places are as ill ventilated as the curtained bedstead; but the lives of the fashionables generally are not so valuable to society as those of the birds; hence, be very careful where you hang the cage of a bird.

Bitters Chronic.—The following recipe has never been known to fail in a single instance:—Take, say a fourth of a pound pill of common chewing tobacco, tear it well to pieces and put it into a vessel and pour on it a sufficiency of boiling water to moisten and swell the leaves, lay it on a cloth and apply it to the seat of the pain.

A woman who gave her name as Mary Mann, was found in one of the streets of the 11th ward, between 2 and 3 o'clock Sunday morning, apparently suffering from injuries. On being interrogated, she said she had been brutally ravished by a gang of about 12 men, who had seized and forcibly taken her into a low place in the upper part of the city for that purpose. A physician was sent for, and it is expected that she will have sufficiently recovered from her injuries in the course of a day or two as to be able to return home. No clue was discovered to the perpetrators of the outrage.—N. Y. Com. Ad.

The earthquake in this city was felt 2 1/2 minutes before 5 o'clock on Tuesday morning, Aug. 23, but, as timekeepers vary, we had better call it 5 o'clock. It began at that hour in Newburyport, where the noise lasted eight minutes. The shock was felt in all the towns of the commonwealth from which we have heard, and houses were shaken, bells rung, and people roused from their beds as in this city. Not being awake at the moment, we cannot, of course, have a very distinct idea of the vibrations.—Boston Post, Aug. 26.

We learn that quite a shock of the earthquake was felt in Manchester, N. H., at the same hour, which made the buildings tremble to their very foundations.

It is stated that a mechanic of Dayton, Ohio, named Anderson, has, in consequence of the death of a relative in England, become sole heir to an estate worth about \$250,000 per annum.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.—The Paris correspondent of the Intelligencer, says:

"The new attempt on the life of Louis Philippe, as it is called, amounts to nothing more than the vagary of a crazed wretch, who meant to hurt nobody, and in which the king was seated. It was a lucky freak, however, with reference to the elections of the 2d Aug. The Ministerial journals have instantly with the utmost hardness essayed to turn it to account for the Guizot party; and doubtless, it will operate in the provinces, to which the telegraph has reached in time by the statements and comments of the Paris Opposition. The event is sad for the old Peers, who are called from their country seats back to the heat and other August evils of the capital, in order to judge a poor stupid creature not worth the verdict of the commonest jury. A long, leading article of the Debates of the 31st July, on the attempt, presents a terrible and not very politic picture of the dangers which would attend a sudden demise of the King, particularly if by assassination. 'There would, indeed, be extreme confusion and dismay, and perhaps an immediate violent rising and struggle of the revolutionary parties, Radical and Legitimist.'—Last winter Louis Philippe seemed to decline in health; but this summer he has manifested as much strength and activity as five years ago. On a recent visit to the works at Vincennes he passed five hours on horseback and on foot, amid intense heat and a mass of dust."

MEXICAN FEMALES ON HORSEBACK.—The Matamoros correspondent of the New Orleans Bee thus describes the manner of riding in vogue among the Mexicans:

"Did I ever tell you the style in which the Mexicans, male and female, ride on a horse? I have written to you so much nonsense, that I have actually forgotten whether I have spoken of this or not. St. James's Day is the time that every Mexican who can, bestir himself, and go on horseback. On that day more than 3000 Mexicans on horseback, most of whom passed the street on which I reside. Instead of the men and women riding as they do in our country, they reverse the thing. The gentleman gets out of the saddle and pushes on the broad piece of leather and strap which hold each Spanish saddle. His feet are in the stirrups the same as though he were in the saddle. He catches the Senora by the waist, slips her up to the saddle, with the left hand encircling her waist, whilst the right hand, at a rate that would make one of our own ladies tremble for her safety. It is both graceful and comfortable."

SMOKING.—Another characteristic of these people I must mention to you. The little Miss Jefferson, at the Matamoros Theatre, has attracted many of the 'upper ten thousand' within its walls. They will laugh at the tragedy and comedy, but when the Cuchuca or Bolero is brought on they are as attentive as mice to the movements of a cat, and express their admiration in no measured terms. Once the dance is over, they get out their cigaritas: a peach stands then a coal of fire between the jaws of a delicate pair of lips, and they puff away with as much unconcern as a gentleman would in a cafe. At the head of a box a Senora will light one of these little sluck segars and hand it to her neighbor—mean, hand the one she has lighted. She will do the same to another, and so on until the entire box looks alive with fire."

A dentist writes the following story to the Lowell Courier:

"A fellow came to me the other day, wanting to have some cavities in his teeth filled up. I examined his teeth carefully, and told him that I did not see any cavities; but I must needs look again, for he was confident there were several. But I again told him that I could find none, and he went away. A week or two after I met with him and asked him about those teeth. 'Oh!' said he, 'what's his name over here filled them for me—he found four holes—pretty large ones, too. I knew they were there.' 'Ah,' said I, 'I looked very carefully and did not see any.' 'Well,' said he, 'he didn't 'em fill after he'd drilled a spell!'"

DEACTIVELY.—Dickens has the following beautiful thoughts in his "Nicholas Nickleby": "It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness, or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with those whom we dearly loved in life. Alas! how long and how often may those patient angels hover above us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered, and so soon forgotten."

WHAT AN IDEA!—A late writer on kissing very properly remarks, that the abominable fashion of ladies kissing each other is a piece of wanton and unprovoked cruelty; a sheer waste of heaven's good gift; a miserable frittering away of what was designed for better purposes. It is absolutely wicked, and ninety-nine cases in a hundred it is done for no other purpose than to annoy and make wretched the poor things who stand with their heads in their hands, and dare not so much as open their watering mouths for fear of slobbering their bosoms.

The Nashville Orthopolitan, a protective whig print, does not echo Mr. Webster's cry; it can see "no use in crying out 'repeal' when there can be no hope for success during the present congress. The bill has become a law, and let us patiently await until we see how it will operate, before we cry out 'repeal.' Its effects will be felt either for good or for evil in a few months. Better the bill should go into operation that the people may be assured of its just results, than push a repeal without facts to sustain it."

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.—The Vice President has appointed the following Senators regents of the Smithsonian Institution: George Evans, of Maine; Sidney Breese, of Illinois; and Isaac S. Penningbacker, of Virginia. The time fixed by law for the first meeting of the board of regents is the first Monday in September next.

When the air balloon was first discovered, some one significantly asked Dr. Franklin what was the use of it? The doctor answered one question by asking another: "What is the use of a new born infant?" It may become a man."

We yield to nobody in respect for Franklin—he was a printer—but, with all due deference, we think a new born infant better becomes a woman.

A correspondent of the Boston Bee, writing from Paris says there are 4000 lbs of horse flesh brought to Paris every day, duty on which is paid at the farmers, ostensibly for dog meat, but in reality for the cheap restaurants.

It is said that Gen. Cass has accepted an invitation to deliver a lecture before a literary institution in Boston, in November.

A writer in the Boston Chronotype defines Woman to be "an exquisite production of Nature between a rose and an angel."

Henry Devine, Esq. U. S. Vice Consul at Rio Grande, Brazil, died on the 20th May last.

Mosquitoes are now called midnight minstrels.

WITTS NOMINATIONS. At the Whig Convention which met in this town, on Tuesday last, the following gentlemen were nominated for County officers:

For Senators.—Andrew Brown, John P. Hubbard, Alvah Hersey.
For Register of Deeds.—Samuel B. Holt, of Turner.
For County Treasurer. Levi Whitman, of Norway.
For County Commissioner. John M. Wilson, of Plantation No. 5.

Hon. Henry Hubbard, of New Hampshire, has been appointed sub-treasurer for Boston. Mr. Hubbard has been governor of New Hampshire, and held a seat in the United States Senate.

The daughter of a clergyman, in Baltimore, has been driven, by the bad treatment of her father, to make two attempts upon her life which proved unsuccessful. Once she jumped from a second story window; and, last week, swallowed laudanum.

Copper. The Detroit Advertiser states that the Boston and Lake Superior Company has recently come upon a singular deposit in one of its shafts. It consists of small boulders of native copper, worn and polished in the shape of pebble stones on the sea shore. Eighteen hundred pounds of these small boulders have been taken out, and one large mass weighing 1750 pounds.

Hold us! The editor of the Vermont Galaxy becomes eloquent and thus indulges: "Oh, locofocoism! thy head is circumscribed round and round with nubbled exhalations!"

An old miser, by the name of Dick, died at Millville, Ohio, last week. After his death, there was found in an old iron chest in his room \$33,000 in gold!

MONTEURY.—The Matamoros Reveille mentions an incident connected with the history of Monterey. In Nuevo Leon, which is not generally known. The streets of that city were paved by American prisoners taken by the forces of Gen. Arredondo from Min's unfortunate expedition of 1816, and cemented with their blood. These men, who had nobly perilled their lives to obtain the independence of Mexico, were taken prisoners, and, after being kept at hard labor on the streets of Monterey for months, were taken out and basely shot by order of the government. There is but one survivor of the expedition, the senior proprietor of the Reveille, from whom we obtain the fact.

It is a mistake to suppose that a man knows much because he talks loud. The emptiest barrels make the most noise.

Some fellow has prostituted poetry by writing an ode in favor of the custom of chewing tobacco.

Married folks with large families are practical Millerites, as they are often disturbed by the midnight cry.

PUBLIC LAWS.—Accompanying this number of the Democrat we issue the public Laws of this State passed by the 26th Legislature.

Who will suffer from that painful disease, Liver Complaint, when immediate relief, if not a positive cure, may be effected by the timely use of WISTAR'S BAL-SAM; for proof of which read the following: Waterford, N. Y. May 7, 1845.

Dear Sir: In the year 1811, I was so severely attacked with Liver Complaint, as to be entirely unable to attend to my business. I consulted with the best of physicians, but to no purpose they gave no relief. In the winter of 1812, I procured a bottle of

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and before I had used one half of it, I was able to resume my business as usual. I have since that time used two bottles of the Wild Cherry Balsam, and have been entirely free from pain; and, with the exception of a bad cold in February last, have enjoyed better health than I ever did before.

WM. C. POTTER.
We are well acquainted with Mr. Wm. C. Potter, know that he was afflicted in the manner he describes, and that his statement is entitled to full credit.

SCOTT & WADE, Wholesale Merchants.
None genuine unless signed I. Butts.

DIED.
In Amherst, Aug. 20th, Calvin, eldest son of Doct. Asa Mc Allister, aged 4 years, 10 months and 22 days.

Silver Spoon Manufactory.

BANKS & HATCH,
NO. 72, EXCHANGE STREET,
Portland,

HAVE constantly on hand, of their own manufacture, an extensive assortment of
SILVER TEA & TABLE, DES-SERT, SUGAR, MUSTARD AND SALT SPOONS;

which are warranted to be of the very best quality. Purchasers from the country are respectfully invited to call and examine. Also for sale at the lowest prices—
Gold & Silver Lever, Lapine and common Watches.
Gold Finger Rings, Breast Pins, Bracelets, Pens and Pencils; Britannia Ware; Pocket Cutlery; Plated Spoons; Butter Knives; Pocket Books; Purse and Purse Trimmings; Card Cases; Silver Trinkets; do. Pens; Silver, Steel & Horn & Ivory Combs; Spectacles, for all ages in Gold, Silver, and common boxes; Silver nursing tubes; Dress & common Fans; Hair Brushes; Perfumery, &c., &c., &c., &c.

—ALSO—
Mathematical Instruments,
Surveyors' Compasses; Pocket do.; Protractors;
Surveyors' Chains; Gunter's Scales,
Dividers, &c. &c. &c.

N. B. The following articles are repaired in the most careful manner: WATCHES & JEWELRY—SURVEYORS' COMPASSES, CHAINS & INSTRUMENTS—SPECTACLES.

SILVER SPOONS manufactured to order, September 1, 1846.

LOST,
ON MONDAY NIGHT, the 18th inst., between Norway Village and Sweden Corner, a large sized Can Stem POCKET BOOK, containing eleven dollars in money, a number of notes of hand, uncollected bills, receipts, and other papers of no use to any one but the owner. The name of the owner is written upon the inside of the Pocket Book, and also the date of its purchase. Whoever will return said Pocket Book and contents to the owner, or to this office, or give information at the office where it may be found, shall be liberally rewarded.

DEMOGRAPHY OFFICE,
Paris, Aug. 25, 1846.

1617

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the fourth Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

ARON GRAHAM, Guardian of FRANKLIN D. PEABODY, minor son of LORENZO D. PEABODY, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased—

It was Ordered, that the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dixfield, on the third Tuesday of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. K. SHAW, Register.
Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

DEBORAH K. HALL, Administratrix of the estate of ELBRIDGE G. HALL, late of Paris, in said county, deceased, having presented her first account of administration of the estate of said deceased—

It was Ordered, that the said Administratrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dixfield, on the third Tuesday of September next, in the afternoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. K. SHAW, Register.
Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the fourth Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

ROBERT A. CHAPMAN and ELBRIDGE G. CHAPMAN, Executors of the last Will and Testament of ELIPHAZ CHAPMAN, late of Bethel, in said county, deceased, having presented their first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, and also their private account—

It was Ordered, that the said Executors give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dixfield, on the third Tuesday of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. K. SHAW, Register.
Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the fourth Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

ON the petition of WILLIAM RUSSELL, Guardian of ELIZA C. RUSSELL, a minor daughter of WILLIAM RUSSELL, Jr., late of Fryeburg, in said county, deceased, praying for License to sell the interest of said minor in the homestead farm of her late father, for the purpose of paying and securing the proceeds thereof on interest for the benefit of said minor—

It was Ordered, that the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dixfield, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. K. SHAW, Register.
Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the fourth Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

FRANCES A. C. KILGORE, of Waterford, in said county, Widow of Hamilton Kilgore, late of said Waterford, deceased, by her petition prays for an allowance of the personal estate of said deceased, and likewise that Dower may be set out to here out of the real estate of said deceased—

It was Ordered, that the said petitioner give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dixfield, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. K. SHAW, Register.
Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the fourth Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six.

JOSEPH W. BARTLETT, of Rumford, in said county of Oxford, represents that he is seized as an heir by Jonathan B. Bartlett, Bartlett C. Bartlett and Sarah Jane Bartlett, in the real estate whereof Samuel Bartlett, late of Rumford, in said county, died seized and possessed, an Inventory thereof has been duly returned into the Probate Office, that the proportion of the same is one fourth, which he is desirous of holding and possessing in severalty. He therefore prays that a warrant may be granted to suitable persons authorizing them to make a division of said estate, and set off to each his and her proportion of the same."

It was Ordered, that the said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dixfield, on the third Tuesday of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. K. SHAW, Register.
Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator of the Estate of

HENRY RUSS,

late of Paris, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—16 therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

WM. RUSS,
Paris, August 25, 1846.

Administrator's Sale.

WILL be sold at public Auction, by virtue of License from the Hon. Court of Probate for the County of Oxford, on Saturday the third day of October next, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the Inn of Thomas T. Lurvey in Woodstock, if not previously sold at private sale—All the right, title and interest which

DEXTER BILLINGS,
of Milton Plantations, died possessed of in and to the Farm on which he lived at his death. Said right consists of the right of redemption on said farm, & more particular description of which will be given at the time of sale.

A. T. LURVEY, Administrator.
Woodstock, August 26, 1846.

Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad.

SUBSCRIBERS to the Capital Stock of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad, residing in the following towns, are notified that receipts for the first assessment on their shares are deposited with the following gentlemen, who are authorized to receive and receipt for said assessments from persons residing in the several towns set against their names, to wit: BENJAMIN TUCKER, Jr., for Norway and Oxford. STEPHEN EMMETT, for Paris, Lebanon and Sumner. OTIS C. BOLLEEN, for Rumford and Andover. GILMAN CHAPMAN, for Bethel and Albany. DR. CHARLES MERRILL, for Portland and Windham. CHAS. E. BARRETT, Treasurer.

Portland, Aug. 20, 1846.

Wanted.

ONE or TWO Apprentice Girls to work at the Tailoring business.

Paris, May 25th, 1846.

L. W. DENNER.

1846. HARRIS, G. H. 1814. HARRIS, J. H. Ward.
 (and L. Ward) Mass. Feb. 27, 1846 1c 42